

POETRY.

LET TO A CLERICAL FRIEND.
teacher sent from Heaven! 'Tis well,
now as on thy soul, and he who gave
us summation, hath with legal hand
the requisitions. Read with fear—
sovereign import, with a heart
know and do, and pray for strength
to dread responsibility.
Is God's champion for the truth? 'Tis well—
then, and in the strength of His
spirit in the pulpit,
wee us warriors, little manfully
and error, and the learned Lies
with shameless front through all the earths
it as their own.

Fling to the air,
of Inman and beneath
thy folds, where blood-stain hath not been,
the victory, strike for God!—strike home!

Look abroad!

in the land, and fearless grow,
her immunit. Shall earth

! thy Lord! henceforth he bears
a struggle! Shall its prostrate realms
away, and kiss the bloody rod
my shades above? That! God forefend!

the champion of the cross! Uplift thy voice
as trumpet—one,

the startled land! To Israel

great transgression, and the house

join to its crimson sins,

—ever the chain is stained with guilt,

or rules, one white, pollution reeks,

crits dip with blood, while yet she hangs

convention to her heart!

fallen in the street, beneath

of ruffian templer—Truth is driven

to the temples of the Living God—

and find with flings long in vain—

Murder and Lust,

and Avenging—

motherhood, walk limb in limb;

at price, while hiding in his coils

of twisted souls, looks on and smiles,

the good man feller! I shan't

say for truth and righteousness!

and for His Kingdom lift it up!

aloud, the stones beneath thy feet

a voice! Earth cannot be thus dumb—

high hath drink the blood of innocents;

they hid in her breast the skin,

her crimson record to Heaven's eye,

clad in gore!

Man of God!

for felling of the hands?

—sleep—while darkly in the sky

the judgments gather, such as smote

the earth! Do I not, in the

rain, in the mud, and the

soil, and the

and the